

Watson Wayne, Watercolour Ponies

Wayne Watson

There are watercolour ponies
On my refrigerator door
And the shape of something I don't really recognize
Brushed with careful little fingers
And put proudly on display
A reminded to us all of how time flies
Seems an endless mound of laundry
And a stairway laced with toys
Gives a blow by blow reminder of the war
That we fight for their well-being
For their greater understanding
To impart a holy reverence for the Lord

Chorus

But baby, what will we do
When it comes back to me and you
They look a little less like little boys every day
Oh the pleasure of watchin' the children growin'
Is mixed with a bitter cup
Of knowin' the watercolour ponies
Will one day ride away
And the vision can get so narrow
As you view thru your tiny world
And little victories can go by with no applause
But in the greater evaluation
As they fly from your nest of love
May they mount up with wings as eagles for His cause

Chorus